

A Chaparral Christmas Gift

By O. Henry



THE original cause of the trouble was about twenty years in growing. At the end of that time it was worth it.

Had you lived anywhere within 50 miles of Sundown ranch you would have heard of it. It possessed a quantity of jet black hair, a pair of extremely frank, deep brown eyes and a laugh that rippled across the prairie like the sound of a hidden brook. The name of it was Rosita McMillen; and she was the daughter of old man McMillen of the Sundown sheep ranch.

There came riding on red roan steeds—or, to be more explicit, on a paint and a flea-bitten sorrel—two wooders. One was Madison Lane, the other was the Frio Kid. But at that time they did not call him the Frio Kid, for he had not earned the honors of special nomenclature. His name was simply Johnny McRoy.

It must not be supposed that these two were the sum of the agreeable Rosita's admirers. The bronchos of a dozen others champed their bits at the long hitching rack of the Sundown ranch. Many were the sheep's eyes that were cast in those savannas that did not belong to the flocks of Dan McMillen. But of all the cavaliers Madison Lane and Johnny McRoy galloped far ahead, wherefore they are to be chronicled.

Madison Lane, a young cattleman from the Nueces country, won the race. He and Rosita were married one Christmas day. Armed, hilarious, vociferous, magnanimous, the cowmen and the shepherds, laying aside their hereditary hatred, joined forces to celebrate the occasion.

But while the wedding feast was at its liveliest there descended upon it Johnny McRoy, bitten by jealousy, like one possessed.

"I'll give you a Christmas present," he yelled, shrilly, at the door, with his .45 in his hand. Even then, he had some reputation as an offhand shot.

His first bullet cut a neat underbit in Madison Lane's right ear. The barrel of his gun moved an inch. The next shot would have been the bride's, had not Carson, a sheepman, possessed a mind with triggers somewhat well oiled and in repair. The guns of the wedding party had been hung, in their belts, upon nails in the wall when they sat at table, as a concession to good taste. But Carson, with great promptness, hurled his plate of roast venison and trifles at McRoy, spelling his aim. The second bullet, then, only shattered the white petals of a Spanish dagger flower suspended two feet above Rosita's head.

The guests spurned their chairs and jumped for their weapons. It was considered an improper act to shoot the bride and groom at a wedding. In about six seconds there were twenty or so bullets due to be whizzing in the direction of Mr. McRoy.

"I'll shoot better next time," yelled Johnny; "and there'll be a next time." He backed rapidly out the door.

The cattleman swept out upon him, calling for vengeance.

But the sortie failed in its vengeance. McRoy was on his horse and away, shouting back curses and threats as he galloped into the concealing chaparral.

That night was the birthnight of the Frio Kid. He became the "bad man" of that portion of the state. The rejection of his suit by Miss McMillen turned him to a dangerous man. When officers went after him for the shooting of Carson, he killed two of them, and entered upon the life of an outlaw. When he was, at last shot and killed by a little one-armed Mexican who was nearly dead himself from fright, the Frio Kid had the

deaths of 18 men on his head.

Many tales are told along the border of his impudent courage and daring. But he was not one of the breed of desperadoes who have seasons of generosity and even of softness. They say he never had mercy on the object of his anger. Yet at this and every Christmaslike it is well to give each one credit, if it can be done, for whatever speck of good he may have possessed. If the Frio Kid ever did a kindly act or felt a throb of generosity in his heart it was once at such a time and season, and this is the way it happened:

One December in the Frio country rode the Frio Kid and his Satellite and co-murderer, Mexican Frank. The Kid reined in his mustang, and sat in his saddle, thoughtful and grim, with dangerously narrowing eyes.

"I don't know what I been thinking about, Mex," he remarked in his usual mild drawl, "to have forgot all about a Christmas present I got to give. I'm going to ride over tomorrow night and shoot Madison Lane in his own house. He got my girl—Rosita would have had me if he hadn't put into the game. I wonder why I happened to overlook it up to now?"

"Ah, shunks, Kid," said Mexican, "don't talk foolishness. You know you can't get within a mile of Mad Lane's house tomorrow night. I see old man Allen day before yesterday, and he says Mad is going to have Christmas doings at his house. You remember how you shot up the festivities when Mad was married, and about the threats you made? Don't you suppose Mad Lane'll kind of keep his eye open for a certain Mr. Kid? You plumb make me tired, Kid, with such remarks."

"I'm going," repeated the Frio Kid, without heat, "to go to Madison Lane's Christmas doings, and kill him. I ought to have done it a long time ago."

"There's other ways of committing suicide," advised Mexican. "Why don't you go and surrender to the sheriff?"

"I'll get him," said the Kid.

Christmas eve fell as balmy as April. Perhaps there was a hint of far-away frostiness in the air, but it tingled like seltzer, perfumed faintly with late prairie blossoms and the mesquite grass.

When night came the five or six rooms of the ranch house were brightly lit. In one room was a Christmas tree, for the Lanes had a boy of three, and a dozen or more guests were expected from the nearer ranches.

The guests had arrived in buckboards and on horseback, and were making themselves comfortable inside. The evening went along pleasantly. The guests enjoyed and praised Rosita's excellent supper, and afterward the men scattered in groups about the rooms or on the broad "gallery," smoking and chatting.

The Christmas tree, of course, delighted the youngsters, and above all were they pleased when Santa Claus himself in magnificent white beard and furs appeared and began to distribute the toys.

"It's my papa," announced Billy Sampson, aged six.

Berky, a sheepman, an old friend of Lane, stopped Rosita as she was passing by him on the gallery.

"Well, Mrs. Lane," said he, "I suppose by this Christmas you've gotten over being afraid of that fellow McRoy."

"Oh, Thank You!"

Roy, haven't you? Madison and I have talked about it, you know."

"Very nearly," said Rosita, smiling. "But I am still nervous sometimes. I shall never forget that awful time when he came so near killing us."

"He's the most cold-hearted villain

in the world," said Berky. "The citizens all along the border ought to turn out and hunt him down like a wolf."

"He has committed awful crimes," said Rosita, "but—I don't know. I think there is a spot of good somewhere in everybody. He was not always bad—that I know."

Rosita turned into the hallway between the rooms. Santa Claus, in muffling whiskers and furs, was just coming through.

"I heard what you said through the window, Mrs. Lane," he said. "I was just going down in my pocket for a Christmas present for your husband. But I've left one for you, instead. It's in the room to your right."

"Oh, thank you, kind Santa Claus," said Rosita, brightly.

Rosita went into the room, while Santa Claus stepped into the cooler air of the yard.

She found no one in the room but Madison.

"Where is my present that Santa said he left for me in here?" she asked.

"Haven't seen anything in the way of a present," said her husband, laughing, "unless he could have meant me."

The next day Gabriel Radd, the foreman of the X O ranch, dropped into the post office at Loma Alta.

"Well, the Frio Kid's got his dose of lead at last," he remarked to the postmaster.

"That so? How'd it happen?"

"One of old Sanchez's Mexican sheep herders did it—think of it! the Frio Kid killed by a sheep herder! The Greaser saw him riding along past his camp about twelve o'clock last night, and was so sketched that he up with a Winchester and let him have it. Funnier part of it was that the Kid was dressed all up with white Angora-skin whiskers and a regular Santa Claus rig-out from head to foot. Think of the Frio Kid playing Santa!"

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Opportunity at West Point.

Deeply fixed in the thought of the more well-to-do, is the belief that anything like equality of opportunity or condition would be incompatible with their own enjoyment and with efficiency of work in the lower classes. The dignity of self-sustained leadership on the one hand, and the spur of necessity on the other, seems to them the only forces which can keep the world moving. But this belief has really no higher authority than that of tradition and long-established custom. West Point, and in only a less degree the service outside, demonstrates the impotence of wealth or privilege as a necessary spur to endeavor. Equality of opportunity, privileges, and pecuniary rewards are found to be in no sense incompatible with individual initiative, with efficiency in work and with the general happiness. No less results—rather, the reverse—from the absence of all extraneous advantages, and from compelling every one to stand on his own merit, performing the work for which he is fitted, without any reference to the pecuniary compensation which he receives.—The Atlantic.

An Iconoclast.

"All over Europe my wife has made enemies by boldly doubting cherished traditions," said the traveler, "but her skepticism respecting Alfred the Great embroiled her in the most serious difficulty. An old gentleman who sat with thin, blue fingers spread above the feeble blaze from which my wife, red-nosed and shivering, endeavored to extract a little warmth, expatiated on the cake-burning episode. Said my wife abruptly: 'Don't tell me that old yarn again, please. I don't believe a word of it.'"

"Why not?" he demanded.

"Because," she said, "there never was a fire in England hot enough to burn cakes."

"Her retort did for the old gentleman what the first had failed to do, it made him hot, but even so, he never forgave her."

Innumbrance.

"No," said Mr. Cumrox; "I don't in the least disapprove of my daughter's marrying a title."

"But you seem dissatisfied."

"I am. What I object to is the yellow that goes with it."

Pleasure in Life.

The life of a good man is not at all in want of pleasure, as a certain appendage, but contains pleasure in itself; for he is not a good man who does not rejoice in beautiful actions; and actions according to virtue will be in themselves delectable.—Aristotle.

The world would get along better if some people would charge some of their dollars into sense.

TWEED DEFIED BY HOFFMAN

Tammany Boss Could Not Frighten Governor into Giving Approval to Certain Bill.

As a questioning reporter, the writer had been received by Governor Hoffman, in the executive office of the old capitol, with that dignified courtesy that marked the governor's intercourse with any one, high or low. The question had been asked, and the answer given. The reporter rose, and was making his acknowledgments, when the green baize doors that separated the executive chamber from the outer office were swung violently open and "Boss" Tweed, with red face, flashing eyes and threatening manner, burst into the room.

The governor advanced to meet him, with a heavy frown upon his face.

"I hear that you're going to veto such-and-such a bill, Governor Hoffman?" shouted Tweed.

"Such is my intention, Senator Tweed," replied the governor, very white of face.

"Do you know I'm behind that bill?" raising his voice, threateningly.

"I have been so informed," was the answer.

"See here, you expect to have a second term, don't you?" cried the enraged boss.

"Senator Tweed, I propose to be governor of the state of New York one term and to accept no dictation during it," replied the governor, looking straight into the eyes of the frantic boss and standing up very straight. Tweed ripped out an oath as he wheeled around and flung himself out of the room.—From "Random Recollections of an Old Political Reporter," by William C. Hudson.

PARROT AS GERM CARRIER

Physician Finds the Bird Is Subject to Disease Human Beings May Contract.

Better not keep a parrot. A physician has discovered that birds of this species are subject to a disease called psittacosis, which is peculiarly contagious, and may easily be contracted by human beings. As a germ carrier, in fact, the parrot is unrivaled.

Now the Office Window is not particularly afraid of germs. They may be quite as bad, quite as dangerous, as they are represented. But what is the use of trying to get away from them? We cannot eat, drink or breathe without taking in germs. We associate with them from morning till night. They are bound to work their will with us anyway—so we may as well ignore them and have as good a time as we can, before they get us.

But the Office Window is perfectly willing to take advantage of the germs as an ally against the parrot. This preposterous bird has nothing to recommend him except his unlikeliness to the bird species. He does not sing, but squawks. He is regarded as worthless unless he can "talk," in a kind of harsh resemblance to human speech. He is neither bird nor human; he is a disorderly episode in creation. He grates on the poetic soul. He is a nuisance.—New York Mail.

MAY PROVE FATAL

When Will Canfield People Learn the Importance Of It?

Backache is only a simple thing at first;

But when you know 'tis from the kidneys;

That serious kidney troubles follow;

That dropsy, Bright's disease may be the fatal end,

You will gladly profit by the following experience.

'Tis the honest statement of a sufferer who was cured.

H. L. Hephner, Columbia St., Leontia, Ohio, says: "I have used Doan's Kidney Pills for years and I am glad to say that I have been benefited by them. Some years ago when I had pains in my back and other kidney complaints, I got a box of Doan's Kidney Pills, and was relieved. Since then whenever I have had any kidney trouble, Doan's Kidney Pills have been used. I can recommend this remedy highly, as I know it acts just as represented."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

The Fountain Source of Pies. The Metropolitan club—usually called "The Millionaire"—experimented for a half dozen years with pastry. Try as they might, this important branch of the culinary service was not satisfactory. The cakes, or tarts, were not up to the standard. The pies were impossible.

Some months ago, a native of New England became chairman of the house committee. When the pastry ghost again walked, he said: "Leave that to me."

He went up to Winsted, Conn., and after much persuasion brought back with him two maiden ladies whom he had known for years. He turned them loose in the Metropolitan kitchen with the direction that they should take orders from no one but himself.

Today the "girls" are putting a hundred dollars a week in the Winsted bank, and the millionaires are slighting the other courses to get down to pie.—New York Sun.

Lure of the Author.

One wonders why so many novels are written. Yet consider the statement just made by the managers of the play adapted from "Ben-Hur." They have paid \$250,000 in royalties to the estate of its author and expect to pay much more before the public tires of it. The book itself has had a sale of over a million copies, never in a cheap form, and has probably earned another quarter of a million for the author.

"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," a little book of only 20,000 words, has paid to its author as book and play about \$10 a word, and "David Harum" produced a fortune for the heirs of the man who wrote it. Aside from the glory of satisfaction, every novelist, whether man or woman, is expecting to create some day a "Ben-Hur" or "David Harum."

From the Ash Tray.

Even the ash of hubby's cigar can be utilized. In what way? Why, as a polisher for gold watches, bracelets and rings, let alone chains and a multitude of other trinkets. This comes from a prominent jeweler, so it must be nearly correct. He even goes to the extent of carrying with him a small case in which he preserves all the ashes from the cigars which he smokes. He says that the grain is so fine that it leaves no mark that is discernible to the naked eye.

Small Depositors Wanted

Many people have an idea that in order to have a bank account, they must have a large sum of money to deposit; that the bank does not care to be bothered with small accounts. This, however, is not true of

The Farmers National Bank OF CANFIELD, OHIO

We encourage small depositors because many large accounts began in a very small way.

The small depositor of today becomes the larger one of the future.

We pay FOUR PER CENT on savings, and \$1.00 is sufficient to start an account.

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Siegel's

122 W. FEDERAL ST.

Youngstown Ohio

Your Dollar is Worth About Two in the Suit Department

Better bargains than these could hardly be imagined. We're determined to close out every remaining suit, and there are hundreds of them left.

First notice at what ridiculously low prices they are going to be sold at and then remember that every suit is guaranteed perfect, an authentic Fall and Winter style and that you pick from an immense assortment.

WE NEVER EXAGGERATE VALUATIONS TO MAKE THE REDUCTIONS SOUND BIG. WHEN WE SAY FORMER PRICES UP TO \$20 IT MEANS STRICTLY THAT WE FORMERLY SOLD THEM AT THOSE PRICES; IT ALSO MEANS THAT THERE ARE SOME \$20 SUITS IN THE LOT. MAKE US PROVE IT.

<p>Suits that formerly sold for up to \$20, choice .. \$6.95</p>	<p>Suits that formerly sold for up to \$25, choice \$10.95</p>	<p>Suits that formerly sold for up to \$35, choice \$15.95</p>
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Children's solid Gold Band Rings, warranted, this sale only.....\$5.00

Children's solid Gold Set Rings, warranted, only \$2.50.....\$2.50

Ladies' Solid Gold Engraved B and B Rings, extra heavy, this sale only.....\$1.00

Men's solid Gold Set Rings, all colors of stones, warranted, 75c.....75c

Men's solid Gold Signet Rings, engraving free.....\$2.50

Sterling Silver Hair Brushes and Combs, per set.....\$1.75

Gold Filled Hoop Brooches, with set-back lock.....\$2.50

Ladies' Ebony Manicure Sets, file, hook and knife.....\$3.00

Gold Filled Lockets.....\$1.00 up

Enamel Comb, Brush and Mirror Sets.....\$1.50

Ladies' Solid Gold Watches, with American Make of movement.....\$15.00

Gents' 14K Gold Filled Watches, with full 17 jeweled Elgin or Waltham movements, warranted to wear for 25 years.....\$15.00

Gents' Solid Silver Watches, first class movements, hunting case.....\$6.50

Ladies' Hunting Case, solid silver Watches, warranted for five years.....\$5.00

Boys' Solid Silver Watches, open faced beauties, warranted for five years.....\$3.50

Ladies' Brooches.....50c up

Ladies' Pocketbooks.....50c up

Comb, Brush and Mirror Sets.....\$1.00

Out Glass Nappies.....\$1.50

Silver Shaving Cup and Brush.....\$2.50

Black Enamel Clocks.....\$5.50

Gold Plated Clocks, good timers, for.....\$1.25

Genuine Ebony Comb and Brush Sets.....\$1.00

Sterling Silver Manicure Pieces, large sizes.....50c

Solid Gold Pens, pearl handle.....75c

Quadruple Plated Mirror, Brush and Comb Sets.....\$1.50

Sterling Silver Pocket Knives.....50c

Rolled Gold Plated Cuff Buttons.....25c

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Have a look at our immense stock of loose and mounted Genuine Diamonds. We have a larger line than ever. Our prices are lower by 25 per cent than others. Call in.

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Genuine Diamond Rings.....\$5.00 up	Genuine Diamond Stick Pins.....\$5.00 up
Genuine Diamond Studs.....\$5.00 up	Genuine Diamond Brooches.....\$5.00 up
Genuine Diamond Ear Drops.....\$10.00 up	Genuine Diamond Cuff Buttons.....\$5.00 up

TRIPLE PLATED—4-piece Tea Set—Tea Pot, Sugar, Creamer and Spoon Holders, warranted.....\$5.00

UMBRELLAS—We have the largest line in the city. Ladies' and Gents' with sterling silver trimmings at \$1.25 up.

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Have Your Goods Put Away Now, and Avoid the Rush.
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<p>Ladies' Enamel Watches, small sizes, all colors.....\$3.50</p> <p>Misses' Open Faced Solid Silver Watches, enameled dials, warranted for 5 years.....\$3.50</p> <p>Ladies' Open Faced Solid Silver Watches, warranted for five years, fancy dial, a dandy.....\$4.50</p> <p>Men's Solid Silver Watches, open faced, every one warranted.....\$5.50</p> <p>Boys' Nickel Watches, warranted.....\$2.00</p> <p>Workmen's Nickel Watches.....\$1.00</p> <p>Silver Nut Picks and Crackers, per set.....25c</p> <p>Rogers' Butter Knives and Sugar Shells.....50c</p> <p>Sterling Silver Scissors.....50c</p> <p>Gold Filled Stick Pins.....50c</p> <p>Ladies' Rolled Gold Plated Guard Sets.....\$1.50</p> <p>Men's Solid Gold Enamel Emblem Rings.....\$6.50</p> <p>Quadruple Plate Butter Dish.....\$1.50</p> <p>Quadruple Plate Cake Basket.....\$1.50</p> <p>Children's Silver Cups in boxes 50c</p> <p>Children's Knife, Fork and Spoon Sets.....\$5c up</p> <p>Genuine Rogers' Knives and Forks, per dozen.....\$3.99</p> <p>Gold Filled Necklaces.....\$1.00</p> <p>Sterling Silver Souvenir Spoons 75c</p>	<p>Misses' solid Gold Set Rings, all colors of stones for.....50c</p> <p>Ladies' solid Gold Signet Rings, engraving free.....\$1.50</p> <p>Ladies' solid Gold Set Rings, warranted.....\$1.00</p> <p>Ladies' Genuine Opal Rings, warranted solid gold.....\$1.50</p> <p>Misses' Solid Gold Band Rings, beauties.....50c</p> <p>Opera Glasses.....\$1.50 up</p> <p>Sterling Silver Handled Tooth Brushes.....25c</p> <p>Children's Solid Gold Signet Rings 50c</p> <p>Alarm Clocks.....50c</p> <p>Belt Pins, 100 patterns.....50c</p> <p>Gold Filled Bead Necklaces.....\$1.00</p> <p>Ladies' La Vallier Necklaces \$2.50 up</p> <p>Sterling Silver Picture Frames, all sizes.....50c</p> <p>Solid Gold Cuff Buttons.....\$1.25</p>
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